



LACHRIMÆ LACHRIMARVM.

or

The Distillation

of Teares

Shede

For the vntymely Death
of

The incomparable Prince

PANAREUS.

by Iosuah Syluester.



LACHRIMÆ LACHRIMARVM.

A funerall Elegiè vpon the All-lamented Death of the
All-admired (late)
PRINCE.

How.euer, short of Others Art and Wit,
I knowe my powers for such a Part unfit;
And shall but light my Candle in the Sunne.

To doe a Work shalbe so better Donne:

Could Teares and Feares giue my Distractions leaue,

Of sobbing words a Sable Webbe to weaue;

Could Sorrowes Fulnes giue my voice a vent,

How would! how should my saddest Verse lament

(In deepest Sighes, instead of sweetest Songs)

This Losse (alas!) which vnto All belongs:

To all the Godly now, and future farr:

To all the WORLD (except SP. Q. R.)





To All together, and to Each a-part
That liues, and lones Religion, Armes, or Art:
To all abroad, but to vs most of all
That neere it stood to my High Cedars fall:
But more then most, to mee, that had no Prop
But HENRY's Hand, and but in Him, no Hope.

O Deereſt HENRY; Heav'n and Earths Delight!
O cleereſt Beame of Vertues, Riſing bright!
O pureſt Spark of Pious Princely Zeale!
O ſureſt Ark of Iuſtice ſacred weale!
O graueſt Preſage of a Prudent kinde!
O braveſt Meſſage of a Valiant Mynde
O All-admird, Benign and Bountious!
O All-deſired (right) PANARETVS!
(PANARETVS (All-vertuous) was thy Name
Thy Nature ſuch: ſuch euer bee thy Eame).

O deereſt! cleereſt! pureſt! ſureſt Prop!
O graueſt! braveſt! Higheſt! nigheſt Hope!
O how vntymelic is this Sunne gonne downe!
This Spark put out, This Ark (as) overthrowne!







This Presage crost! This Message lost and lef!
This Prop displac't! This Hope of All, bereft!
O! How, unkinde! How, gracelesse! How, ingrate!
Haue Wee cutt-off Thy likely longer Date!

For, were This Stroak from Heav'ns immediat band;
Or (by Heav'ns leaue) from Helis suborned Band:
How e'r it were, Wee were the Mouing Cause
That sweet Prince HENRY breath no longer draws.
Wee All (alas) haue had our hands herein:
And Each of vs hath by some cord of Sinne
Hal'd downe from Heaven, from Iustice awfull Seat
This Heauie Iudgement (which yet more doth Threat)

Wee Clergie first, who too too oft haue stood
More for the Church-goods then the Churches good:
Wee Nobles next, whose Title, euer strong,
Can hardly offer Right, or suffer Wrong:
Wee Magistrates who mostly, weake of sight,
Are rather faine to feele then see the Right:
Wee Gentles then, who rack and sack and sell,
To snimme like Sea-Crabs, in a soure-wheeld Shell:

Wee







Wee Courtiers next, who French-Italianate,
Fashion our Faith after the forme of State:
Wee Lawyers then, who in the forme of Law,
Dis-claiming Conscience like the Horse-leach drawe:
Wee Cittizens, who seeming Pure and Plaine,
Beguile our Brother, make our God our Gainc:
Wee Countrey-men, who slander Heav'n and Earth
As Authors of Our Artificiall Dearth:
All, briefly All; all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In Countries, Citties, Benches, Churches, Courts,
(All Epicures, Witt-Wantons, Atheists,
Mach'-Aretines, Momes, Tap-To-Bacchonists,
Bats, Harpies, Sirens, Centaures, Bib'all, nights,
Sice-sinckap Affes, Hags Hermaphrodites)
And Wee, poore Nothings (fixed in no Spheare,
Right Wandring Tapers, Ering euery-where)
Scorne of the Vulgar, scandall of the Gowne,
Hane pull'd this Waight of Wrath, This Vengeance down:
All, all are guiltie, in a high Degree,
of This High-Treason and Con'piracie,

B

More







*More brute then Brutus, stabbing more then CAESAR,
With Two-hand-SINNES of Profit and of Pleasure.*

*For, for the Peoples Sinnes, for Subiects crymes,
God takes-away good Princes oftentimes:
So good IOSIAH (HENRY's parallel)
Was (yong) bereft from Sinfull Izrael:
So our good EDWARD (HENRY's Pre-cedent)
For ENGLAND's Sinnes was hence vntimely hent.
So heer, good HENRY is newe taken hence,
For now Great-BRITAN'S great Sinnes Confluence.*

*Wee see th' Effect, wee haue the Cause confest:
O! Turne weethen, with speed, to Saue the rest:
O! Turne vs, Lord; turne to vs, turne away
Thy Frowncs, our Feares, with humblest Teares wee pray.
O! saue our Souverain; saue his Royall seed;
That still his Owne may on his Throne succeed.*

*Let Each of vs make priuie Search within;
And hauing found, bring forth the Traitor SINNE
To Execution, with all Execration
Henceforth renouncing such In-Sin-newation.*





Let Each of vs (as Each hath thrown a Dart,
A Dart of Synne, at HENRY's princely hart)
Send-up in Sighes our Soules deuouteſt breath, (BETH
To Shield our IAMES, ANNE, CHARLES, ELIZA,
And HIM, whose Loue shall render HER her Brother,
And make Her soone a happie Princes Mother.

Let Each of vs cease to lament (in vain)
Prince HENRY's Losse. Death is to HIM a Gain
For Sauoy's Dukelings, or the Florentine
He Wedds his Sauour (of a Regal Ligne)
Glorie, for Gold; for Hope, Possession (there)
Of Crownes so Rich as neuer entered Eare,
Eye neuer sawe, nor euer Hart conceav'd;
So strong Assur'd, as cannot be bereau'd.

Waile not his death: His Vertues cannot Dye
(Immortall Issue of ETERNITIE)
His Sou'e in Blisse beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodlie Body shall more glorious Rise.
Weepe not for HIM; weepe for our selues (alas)
(Not for our Private, or Peculiar ease:

As,







*As for our Sonns, Brother's, or Master's lack,
Or Prince's losse (our Expectations wrack)
Our Places, Graces, Profits, Pensions lost,
Our present Fortunes cast, our future crost)
Weepe for our Sinnes, our Wicked-Prouocations,
Our haynous, horrid, high ABHOMINATIONs,
Both seene and secret; both in High and Lowe:
Weep, weep for Theis; and stript from Top to Toe,
Of guiddie-Gaudes, Top-gallant Tires and Towers,
of Face-pride, Cale-pride, Shin-pride, Shoo-pride, ours
(Like *NINIVITES*, so neer Their threatned Fall)
In blackest Sack and Cinders sbrowded All,
With bended Knees, but more with broken hartes,
And th'inward rest of right Repentant Parts,
Prostrate our Soules in Fastning and in Praier,
Before the Foot-stool of th' Emphyreal CHAIRE:
That so, What-euer bloodie Deluge float
From th'old Red Dragons wide-wide-yawning Throat,
Wee, Humbled *MOVRNERS*, may be Hea'nly Markt
In *MERCIE'S* Vessell to be All imbarke.*

FENIS







THE
PRINCES EPITAPH,
WRITTEN BY HIS HIGHN.

seruant, WALTER QVIN.

Here intomb'd a peereless Prince doth lie,
In flowre & strength of age surpris'd by death,
On whō, while he on earth drew vitall breath,

The hope of many Kingdoms did relie;
Not without cause: for heauens most liberally
To him all Princely vertues did bequeath,
Which to the worthiest Princes here beneath
Before had been allotted feuerally.

But when the world of all his vertues rare
The wished fruit to gather did expect,
And that he should such *glorious workes* effect,
As with the worthiest fame might him compare:
Vntimely dearth then from vs did him take;
Our losse, and grieffe, heauens gaine, and ioy to make.

C

Idem





Idem in obitum eiusdem Sere-
nissimi Principis.

Occidit ante diem inuenum flos, gloria stirpis
Regalis, patria spes, columnq; sua.
Occidit ante diem, patri populisq; Britannis
Flendus, & his iunctis fœdere, amore, sacris.
Occidit ante diem, gesturus Principe digna,
Accelerasset ei ni fera Parca necem.
Occidit ante diem, virtutis & vberis fructu,
Et mundum exemplo funere destituens.
Occidit ante diem, si vota & commoda spectes
Publica, vel vitam si breuitate notes.
Sin vitam spectes partam illi morte perennem,
Haud iam, par Superis, occidit ante diem.



Stances du mesme Antheur sur
le mesme sujet.

Tant plus qu'un bien est grand, & rare en excel-
Et que la iouissance en a plus de plaisir; (lence,
Tant plus aussi la perte en a de desplaisir,
Et se fait regretter avec impatience.

Ceci se monstre assez en la fruition, (rable;
Qui auons eu d'un grand Prince, en tous biens admi-
Et en la triste mort, d'autant plus deplorable,
Que rare de tout point fut sa perfection.

Tant l'eurent la Nature, & la vertu ensemble,
Et la fortune aussi de leurs dons enrichi,
Que de quelle des trois il fut le plus cheri,
De pouoir bien iuger malaisè il me semble.

De l'estoc plus ancien d'entre les Roys extrait,
Il fut si bien doué des dons de la Nature
En corps, & en esprit, que iamais creature
N'a esté de son Art chef d'œuvre plus parfait.





D'elle il eut la beauté, la grace, & bienſeance,
Force, addreſſe, eſprit viſ, & inuincible cœur,
Grandeur & Maieſté meſlee avec douceur,
Que reluire on voioit voire en ſa contenance.

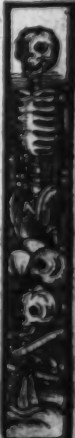
La vertu ſe voyant par Nature appreſtè
Vn ſi riche ſujet, l'enrichit dauantage
En le rendant pieux, temperè, preux, & ſage,
Juſte, clement, & plein de largeſſe & bonté.

Ceſte meſme vertu luy feit les Arts apprendre,
Par leſquelz vn grand Prince a bien regir en paix,
Et a bien ſouſtenir de la guerre le ſaix;
Quand il en eſt beſoing, capable ſe peut rendre.

La fortune enuers luy fauorable auſſi fut
Sur ſes plus chers mignons luy donnant l'auantage:
Car threſors & grandeurs, & le riche heritage
De maint pais & Roiaume, & mainte ville il eut.

Il ſembloit que ces trois avec telle largeſſe
L'ayans de tous leurs dons a l'enui eſtrenè,
Par la faueur du Ciel il fut au monde nè,
Pour viure va ſiecle enuier en gloire, heur, & lieſſe;

Et







Et pour faire jouir aux siens l'exemple & fruit
Des ses faits vertueux & en paix, & en guerre;
Et estendre son loz aux bornes de la terre,
Ou nostre hyuer esté, nostre jour se fait nuit.

O que le monde auoit bien besoin de la vie?
Car il seruoit d'espee, & bouclier aux amis;
De terreur, & de fleau contre les ennemis;
De rempart assésuré, & d'ancres a la Patrie;
D'appui, & de defence a son Pere Royal;
A la Mere d'honneur; de miroir a son frere;
D'ornement a la sœur; aux Princes d'exemplaires
De merueille, & de ioye a tout peuple loial.

Mais, hélas, ce grand Prince en la fleur de son age,
Et de nostre esperance (O triste coup du Ciel)
Nous a esté rauy: dont en fiel nostre miel
Se change, & nostre ioye en dueil, regret, & rage.


O Ciel a quelle fin nous prestas tu ce bien,
Ce joyau non-pareil, ce miroir de Noblesse,
Pour nous l'oster si tost? he que ce coup nous blesse,
Nous foudroie, & fracasse, & reduit presqu'en rien?

D

A







A quelle fin ie voy : c'est pour prendre vengeance
De noz melchancetez, & horrible meffaits,
Que si cruellement tu descoches tes traits
Sur nous pauures chetife, & miserable engeance.

Trop bon pour nous il fut : reprendre il t'aura pleu
Ton cher gage, duquel auons ioui nagueres,
Affin d'en embellir tes plus belles lumieres,
Et de le reunir a son celeste feu.

Mais enuers toy, cher Princee, ô quel deuoir nous reste?
Auec toy nous faut il nous eslioir du sort,
Qui t'est escheu au Ciel, des bienheureux le port,
Ou regretter ta mort aux tiens par trop funeste?



L'un, & l'autre ferons : t'applaudir il conuient
En ce que tu jouas si bien ton roole au monde.
Et la viens a reuiure ou tout bonheur abonde,
Et ou tout dueil en joye a conuertir se vient.

Mais tant plus que nous sur ta vie douce & chere,
Et qu'en fleur d'ans la mort nous te vint arracher,
Les resnes d'autant plus nous conuient il t'attacher
Au dueil, en regrettant nostre perte, & misere.



*De. medesimo sopra il me-
desimo Soggetto*

SONETTO.



IL fior de Prencipi nel fior de gl' anni,
Et delle nostre speranze, ora è co'to
Della spietata morte (abi lasso) e tolto
A noi dol' ni à e miseri Britanni.
A nessun' popol' mai diè tanti affanni
Morendo alcun' gram Fransise per molto
Ch' ei fosse amato, quanti il nostro sciolto
Da' tempo c'è astia ed alor iè, e danni.
Dal Ciel parua ch' in c'è fosse dato,
Per che dal Rad' è successar nel Regno
Fosse, e solac, e ohirio e'n pace, e'n guerra.
Ma c'è vien talto, ohime) dal Ciel tirato
A danni nostri, per che di sodegno
Stimollo, e' indegna esser' d'è lu' la terra,

FINIS.





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